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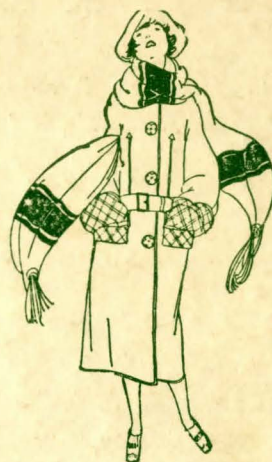
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THE SPIRIT



VOL. XII

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

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Literary Edition

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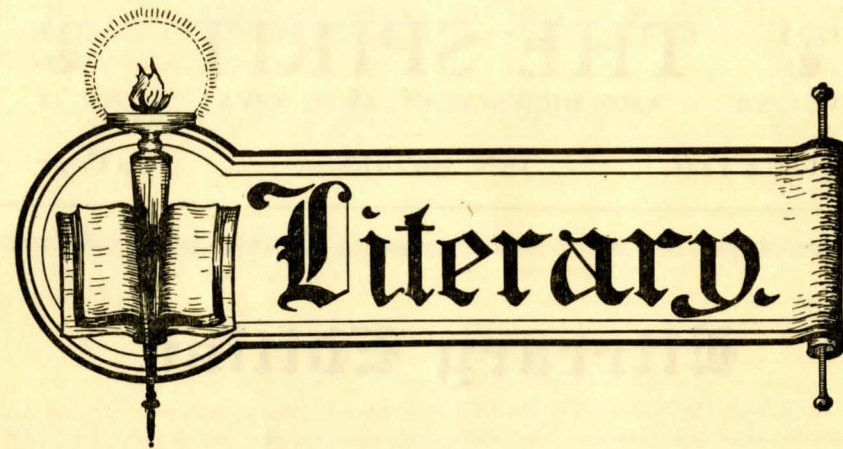
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ONE GOOD SPORT!

(First Prize)

A group of girls stood laughing and talking at the top of a long, steep slope dipping toward the wide frozen river. The hill had been the meeting place for skiing and tobogganing parties since skis and toboggans had been invented. This Saturday was no exception to preceding ones and the crowd was happily receiving its thrills and spills. Then scrambling good-naturedly up the hill, covered with snow, to repeat the experience with undaunted by former mishaps.

One girl stood apart from the rest and cast longing yet frightened eyes on the merry group of her schoolmates. She had been in Clarinda high school for three months and no one had invited her to skate or slide. Not that she wanted them to! She had a fearful horror and a terrible dread of flying down hill as the rest did or skating; when a vision of icy water closing over her head flashed in her mind a cold, clammy darkness seemed to overwhelm her.

No one noticed her and she wondered why. Then she was enlightened but not in the way she had expected nor in a very pleasant way. The words came to her on a gust of wind.

"Alicia Bradford! She's no fun, no sport; don't ask her."

And that wasn't all. Another voice added, "She's a regular 'fraid cat."

The contempt of the speakers made her

alternately hot and cold. So that was it. She was no sport, no fun and a 'fraid cat."

Perhaps, for Alicia Bradford, the determination to "show" them was the best thing possible. Those words were bringing out traits of her character, hitherto unknown, and she did things that before had seemed impossible.

The first impossible act was to speak boldly to the boy who owned the largest toboggan, asking him that she might be the last one on the toboggan on its next trip. She scarcely believed it to be her own voice that so firmly told him she could stick on—Even then she little realized how difficult her task would be.

They were off, and she with them, her face white with fear and strained with her determination. It was not possible; she was dreaming; the blurred objects flying by were only the forms in some horrible nightmare! Then suddenly there was a bump and it was only with extreme difficulty that she managed to remain on the toboggan. She knew that this was only the first of a series of bumps and she renewed her grip preparing for the worst. She had a horrible vision of being thrown off in the path of the toboggan following and being crushed beneath while it rushed on with its merry load.

Then came the second bump. It was only by some miracle that she found herself still on the toboggan and traveling with even greater rapidity—down and down. Her

hands grew more numb and her mind became a blur, but she instinctively held on.

There were more bumps and then the toboggan slid smoothly out across the wide river. Her horror and fear were renewed as she thought of the freezing water beneath the ice from which there would be no escape once she was plunged into its black depths.

The speed of the toboggan lessened and at last it came to a full stop. It seemed wonderful to Alicia that the ice did not open and swallow them all like a hippopotamus or some other equally monstrous animal. Then her fevered mind woke to the fact that she had come down the worst slide, on the largest toboggan as the last one and had come unharmed.

Some one was speaking to her. What was it they said? It couldn't be true but the words came, however, and from the most popular girl of the "bunch" whom Alicia had humbly worshipped and adored from afar.

"You're the best sport! Why most girls would be scared to death to come over that slide as the last one on the toboggan. Come, hurry so we can go again. You sit next to me this time and let one of the boys stay at the end."

Alicia reached the top of the hill in a halt daze and before she had time to consider any horrible thoughts she was off again with the rest. This time she was next to the adored Betty who chattered gaily and Alicia's fearful nightmare became a lovely dream. Betty had invited her to a skating party which she was planning for the next week and had offered to teach her to skate before that time.

The next day and several nights after school in the next week Alicia made valiant efforts in learning to skate with Betty as her gay but patient teacher. She fell and came up smiling, chattering as happily as the rest. But the climax came when she again overheard some conversation relating to herself. This time the words brought a glow of happiness to her eyes.

Alicia Bradford, sure; and to think that I once said she was no fun," said one. My mistake, she's one good sport."

Alicia had won. She had shown them and

was now one of the happy group but she was most happy because she knew that fear could never again clutch her with its grasping hands and make her a "fraid cat."

—Frances Jones, '24.

THE SLIDE

(Second Prize)

It was late afternoon of a warm winter's day toward the end of the reign of King Cold. Madge paused on the side of the mountain she had been climbing. Far down in the valley she could see the village with the lazy smoke drifting from the chimneys. Farther up the mountain were the railroad and long bridge, crossing the river. It was on account of this river that she was so far from the town, Madge reflected.

During the winter the children of Grosset had tobogganed down the mountain side and across the river. But yesterday the river, already protesting against its prison walls, had broken free proclaiming to the hopeful Grosset world that it would freeze no more and tobogganing was over for that year. So Madge had come to get her sled.

She had one regret. That she had never gone by the upper slide. This slide crossed the river at a narrow point where one bank was considerably higher than the other. You flew through air, landed on the other bank and went on down the mountain. But one boy's sled had fallen to the ice, and he had broken his arm. After that no one was allowed along the upper slide.

As Madge gathered her sled ropes she heard a roar in the direction of the river. She looked that way and saw an enormous cake of ice and snow, torn from the mountain side, shoot down the river. In another moment it hit the long bridge. Nothing could withstand that force; the pilings gave, the bridge crumpled, and much of the ruins was swept downstream.

Then as Madge watched fascinated, she saw a thin line of smoke on the other side of the river. The passenger train! It took it twenty minutes to reach the bridge. If only—Madge threw herself on her sled, gave a push and was off. With a swiftly beating heart she directed it along the upper slide. With rapidly gaining speed it neared the

river. The trees flashed by, then the river! That swift, gray river. Then the other bank. The sled hit it halfway down. Madge grabbed wildly at some roots. There was a splash and the sled sailed downstream leaving Madge hanging to some roots. She pulled herself on the bank.

The dusk had fallen. Quickly she gathered some dry pine boughs and, stumbling, falling, rolling, she reached the track. But she had taken longer than she thought. With numb fingers she searched her pockets for the matches she knew were there. Finally she found them and lighting her pine needles, waved the flaming boughs. Through the falling night the headlight of the train gleamed like an angry eye. It grew larger and larger and Madge jumped for the embankment.

There was a roar of wheels and a creaking of brakes as she rolled down the hill. A moment later icy water seemed to be smothering her. She tried to swim but the current was too swift. She was jammed in to something. Her arm was killing her—then everything was black.

It was some time later when Madge became conscious. She was warm and comfortable and very drowsy although her arm still hurt badly. She closed her eyes for a moment, then curiosity overtook her. She opened them again. She seemed to be in a pullman berth. Wonderingly she pushed the button. A moment later a grinning porter stuck his head between the curtains.

"What you want, missy?"

"Where am I?" asked Madge.

"You is on the train. The engineer, he climb out and rescue you where you get caught in that ole tree."

"But my arm?"

"That is broke, missy, but there is a doctor on the train and he set it. You is mighty lucky, ma'am, 'caus the town being on the other side of the river, you can't get home 'til they build a new bridge."

But Madge had not heard it all. Drowsiness had overcome her and she had gone to sleep.

"I hope you-all has sweet dreams," said the porter, and left. —Muriel Agg '25.

THE SNOB

(Third Prize)

It was on Friday night—a dark and silent Friday night in late March when Clark Danielson, Junior in the Radcliffe High School, sauntered lazily down Dawson avenue toward the beautiful home of "Puss" Baxter. He walked with the air of one who condescends—of one who has for a period of a few years stopped to the level of mere humanity but who will soon raise himself above the common race of people. Every line of his graceful figure as he nonchalantly lighted a cigarette bespoke more plainly than words, the fact that he was a snob—a cad. But Clark had ample reason for his snobbishness for he was one who is gifted with dark eyes—shaded by long lashes. Whose hair is always smooth and shining like polished ebony, and whose every glance and movement is watched with malicious eyes by those of his own sex but who dazzles to blushing wonder those of the fair and clinging type upon whom he chances to gaze.

The great clock boomed the hour of eight as he reached the long poplar drive which led to the Baxter mansion. At exactly half past eight he lay bruised, disheveled and shaken inside the old La Rue house which had for many years been uninhabited save by the murderous spirit of Jason La Rue. He heard the heavy door slam behind him and he realized with a shudder that his masked captors were gone and that he, Clark Danielson, was alone—twenty miles from home in the terrifying and uncanny silence of a haunted house.

For a moment he stood dazed by the suddenness of it all and then by force of habit he reached for his cigarette case. It was gone. His matches all but one were gone and in their place was a slip of paper. He unfolded it and by the flickering light of the lone candle he read, "When you are ready to listen to reason, yell." He tore it in bits and threw it to the floor.

"Gosh," he ejaculated, "Some poor fool is trying to scare me. I'll show th—" At this moment a shot was fired, a glass above him crashed and a blazing light filled the room, but instantly died away and left him choking

with sulphur fumes. Weird noises came from above and around him and he tried to whistle but the notes seemed far off and strange. He started to move about the room, to find in some dark recess a means of escape from his horrible prison. Suddenly he tripped, a table fell upon him, and he felt the terrible tingling of an electric current which shook his whole body. He tried to loosen his foot but only succeeded in overturning chairs and crashing glass. Shrieks, wild and shrill, sounded near him and loud shots followed each other in quick succession. The suffocating fumes of sulphur were slowly choking him and in that moment of mental and physical anguish he emitted a cry of fear and agony. It was the cry for mercy which comes from the lips of the conquered.

In a moment he had been lifted to his feet and in the dim light of a lantern he beheld the grim faces of his classmates.

With a voice which wavered he swore secrecy to the terrible joke and with a hand which shook with emotion he signed his name to a pledge which insisted that he drop his snobbish way, his hard look of condescension and his flirting. In short, he was to be a real fellow. Then in silence the boys drove swiftly back to town.

Radcliffe High School saw no more of Clark Danielson that year but the next fall he appeared tanned and hardy in corduroy trousers and flannel shirt. His eyes no longer held the cold condescending look. He went out for football. He had learned his lesson and had come out a real fellow.

—Isabelle Little, '24

"IT PAYS TO HAVE A GIRL"

(Honorable Mention)

Sandy, Captain of the Hillwood basketball team, had left his basketball shoes at the High School gym, five blocks away, and the Interurban, which was to take the crowd to Bradbury for the game that night, was due in ten minutes.

Sandy determined that he could not play without them, started back.

"Aw, come on, Sandy," yelled the crowd, "Let 'em go. You can't make it."

"Yes, I can," Sandy answered stubbornly,

"If I'm not back you go on. I'll get the next car and get there in time. I don't care if I do miss my supper." And Sandy went on without stopping.

The janitors were still at the building, finishing up the cleaning. Sandy raced in to the gym and hunted some time before he found the shoes. When he came out, the hall was dark, but thinking only of reaching the Interurban in time, Sandy raced down the hall and pushed against the door.

The door was locked! The janitors, not knowing Sandy was there, had gone and locked the door.

Sandy raced back to the south door and to the east. but all were locked. He tried all the doors of the recitation rooms on first floor, but they were locked. He thought of getting out some window but every door on the second and third floor was also locked. It was no use, he could not get out.

He came back down stairs and stood by the entrance a moment trying to get his breath and think of something else to try.

Just then Old Janitor Brown, who had gone down town before going home, went by.

Sandy pounded on the door so frantically that the janitor finally looked that way. He rushed up and unlocked the door with such a domb-founded look that Sandy was forced to explain his reason for being there, and tell him how thankful he was for being let out.

"There's the Interurban," shouted Sandy, and raced down the walk, leaving the janitor staring after him.

Sandy barely reached the Interurban and swung himself up on the steps before it started. Sinking down into the nearest seat, he drew a big sigh.

"Gee, that was close!" He spoke half aloud. "I thought sure we were going to have to lose to old Bradbury Academy, and we can't afford to do that after we've defeated them for three years."

Just as Sandy had gotten his breath again and was thinking about the way the boys were going to play, the Interurban came to a stop with a jerk.

"Well, what the?" muttered Sandy.

"Something's gone wrong and we can't go

for at least forty-five minutes," said the motorman, as if in answer to Sandy's question, "if anyone is in a hurry to get to Bradbury, it's only four miles and they may be able to catch an automobile along the road.

Sandy thought he'd better try this, because no telling when the Interurban would move. He climbed out and started up the road. It was a moonlight night, so the walking wasn't bad, but not a car was in sight.

He walked for what seemed to him half the distance and yet no automobile passed. "Just my luck," he said, "when a feller wants a car to come along he never even sees a tail-light. I never can make it now. I might as well slow up. Hillwood is up for a defeat and so am I. If I hadn't been so stubborn about those shoes I could have made it."

But, what was that? A car. Yes, and as it drew nearer him it gradually slowed up.

"If it isn't my old friend 'Liz' with the Ford," Sandy all but yelled.

"Why, Sandy why aren't you in Bradbury ready for the big game?" Liz asked with her usual gay voice, accompanied with a smile.

"Don't stop to ask questions, now, Liz," speed up, we've got to get there. I'll explain all after we win the game. You're a brick, that's all."

That was all that was said, but a great deal happened.

Of course, Sandy got there. Hillwood defeated the ancient enemy, Bradbury Academy, and all because Sandy's girl, finishing some important work, unexpectedly started to see the big game and came along with her Ford and saved the day.

A big yell went up from the crowd for the good work done by Sandy, their Captain; then another followed, led by Sandy for "Liz and her Ford."

Now, doesn't it pay to have a girl?

Dorothy Allen, '24.

Smart Freshman—"What instrument makes foot notes?"

Bored music teacher—"Why, the shoe horns!"

—Think and grin.

THE TEST OF HONOR

(Honorable Mention)

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Jack! Jack! Jack!

These shrill yells awakened Jack Remby from his Saturday morning sleep. At first he didn't fully comprehend what was going on, but he soon realized that this was the day of the skating race, and he, the representative for West High, was to race Ralph Fenton of East High. Going to the window, he waved to the boys and motioned for them to come inside. After much talking and a hasty breakfast Jack and his rooters started for the pond.

But before he left, Jack took his frail mother in his arms, kissed her and whispered, "I'll win that twenty-five dollars for you, Mumsy dear, and we'll not have to worry about supplies for awhile anyway. 'I know you will win, Jack,'" replied his poor but proud mother. So with these words ringing in his ears, Jack joined his chums.

The pond was smooth as glass and the air crisp and chilly. Many spectators had gathered on both sides of the pond and were cheering the participants. Jack stood quietly looking on while Ralph talked loudly and evidently enjoyed the attention paid to him.

The race was to start at nine o'clock so a few minutes before this time both boys put on their skates and went out on the ice.

Right at nine o'clock the pistol shot pierced the air and they were off. Jack started at a moderate speed, but Ralph whizzed by him at a great rate. Jack, however, kept up his even pace and both skated on amidst great shouts and cheers.

"Atta boy, Ralph, keep it up!"

"They won't beat you Jack!"

"Yea, Ralph, Yea, Ralph!"

"Raspberries!" (This from Ralph's friends.)

"We're with you, Jack!"

These were some of the things that came to the ears of the racing boys. Ralph reached the farther goal first, followed soon after by Jack and then began the home stretch. Jack gradually increased his speed,

but Ralph had played too brilliantly at first and began to lag. Jack took fresh courage. Inch by inch he crept up. Closer and closer to his opponent he came. They had completed about half of the homeward course and Ralph was desperate. He must win. Being a boy of little honor, he would beat by fair or foul means. He realized that Jack had the upper hand now. As for Jack, he plodded steadily onward, growing more confident of victory. He passed Ralph, but in doing so, the other boy tripped him. It was done so slyly and quickly that the spectators who were a little distance away failed to see it. Jack fell to the ice conscious of a fierce pain in the ankle which had been hit. But he wouldn't tell what Ralph had done or be a quitter. He rose to his feet and was off in an instant. The crowd was cheering wildly now. Jack, his anger giving him added strength, soon caught up with Ralph with ten yards left to cover. Ralph was almost exhausted and Jack thought he couldn't go another step. But just then he had a vision of his mother bidding him goodbye, and showing her perfect faith and trust in him. He must not disappoint her. So, with this picture before him, he forced himself on and with a mighty effort passed Ralph and crossed the goal line.

Then with a groan of pain, he sank to the ice. His amazed friends rushed up and carried him to the fire, where upon examination, they found that his ankle was sprained. Suppressing his moans, Jack stood up and received the purse containing twenty-five dollars.

"Thank you, sir," he told the donor, "I am glad that I won the race, because I thus upheld the honor of West High." But that wasn't the only nor the biggest reason for his joy. His proudest moment was when he entered his poor home and gave the prize to his happy mother.

—Marian Hagen '24.

Pat: "What do yer charge for a funeral notice in yer paper?"

Editor: "Two dollars an inch."

Pat: "Good heavens! An' me poor brother was six feet high."

EXCHANGES

Among the best papers Ames High School received from other High Schools throughout the United States are the papers from various Iowa High Schools—Among the best papers received are—"The Newtonia," Newton, Iowa, a good lively paper—full of interesting material. "The Clintonia," Clinton, Iowa,—A paper that is always up to standard. "The Tatler," West Hi, Des Moines—A paper put out in magazine form, always containing snappy jokes, interesting short stories and good write-ups on various H. S. activities. "The Pebbles," Marshalltown, Ia.—One glance at the "Pebbles" and one will readily see it is a good paper—the articles are placed attractively and the sports are always written up on an extra sheet, usually a colored sheet. Then comes the "Bumble B," this paper shows that either the "Bumble B" has a very good staff, or that the staff has a hundred per cent help from the B. H. S. students.

Among the other good Iowa papers we find "The Link" from Webster City, "The O" from Oskaloosa, "Tama News" from Tama, "The Ayr Plain" from Mt. Ayr, and "The Quill" from East High, Des Moines.

PREPP'IN DAYS

Prepp'in days are comin' fast,
And they are sure to last
For quite a while and you'll see
A bunch of preps upon their knees;
With a burly senior standing guard,
If not done right, they hit you hard;
Knives aflyin' thick and fast,
Prepp'in days are sure to last.

But us preps are not afraid,
Of one big senior, or a whole parade,
Altho seniors are larger than the rest,
Us wee preps, we know what's best;
And with knives aflyin' thick and fast,
Prepp'in days are sure to last.

Altho they lick us till we're weak,
And if they do we won't speak
To any senior, or the rest
Us wee preps, we know what's best;
With knives aflyin' thick and fast,
Prepp'in days are sure to last.

EDITORIAL

WORK NOW—PLAY LATER

(For Seniors and Freshmen only)

Semester Examinations are now the very latest thing in school work. How we finish this semester and start the next will determine whether the final few weeks of school in the spring will be drudgery or pleasure.

The Senior, to whom this most refers, always has plenty to do aside from regular school work, the few weeks just preceding the receiving of his sheep-skin. If he loafs on the job now he finishes the semester in a jumble, back work is piled up and does not receive proper attention, consequently grades fall and graduation is endangered. On the other hand, the Senior who labors now is doubly repaid for his efforts in the spring, and he can then attend the senior activities free of care.

To the Freshman, good hard work now may mean even more. The entire, Sophomore and Junior years may be required to redeem the knowledge lost by an ill spent period of six weeks now.

Most Freshmen have an ambition or to say the least a desire to preform in athletics before their education is complete but they will find their course blocked if they must continually battle against crowding school work and ineligibility.

A famous wit once said, "Good start, good end." He probably didn't have Freshmen in his mind when he coined that but it is certainly fitting. Take a good foundation, Freshmen and the pleasure of school will increase as your learning advances.

A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT IS NOT NARROW-MINDED???

In our day and age anyone who seeks to restrain our pleasure is classed as narrow-minded, simply because he can see no good in a particular means of enjoyment.

Now if we class him as narrow-minded because he cannot see the benefits of a certain amusement, certainly then we must class ourselves very broad-minded, if we can see the good in it.

High School students of today greatly dislike a person they class a narrow-minded, but now lets stop and think if this is really the practical way of looking at the matter.

We have known students in A. H. S. who classed all our parents and elders narrow-minded because they were inclined to look with disfavor upon certain pastimes of the younger generation. Ask a person of this type to attend a movie, and he would be ready in a moment, suggest a dance and he is forever willing, suggest study and his ardor cools, suggest work and his whole attitude is one of laziness, propose attending a debate and he laughs at the thot, suggest a declamatory contest and he declares it is outlandish, yet in his own esteem he is a broad-minded individual.

He is not, in fact we are inclined to class him as the most narrow-minded of all people.

The kill-joy type condemns only those things that are questionable, while a person of the other type accepts the questionable things and condemns the higher things in life. From this there is only one conclusion We can draw, it is this:

"The average High School student of today is extremely narrow-minded."

NOTICE

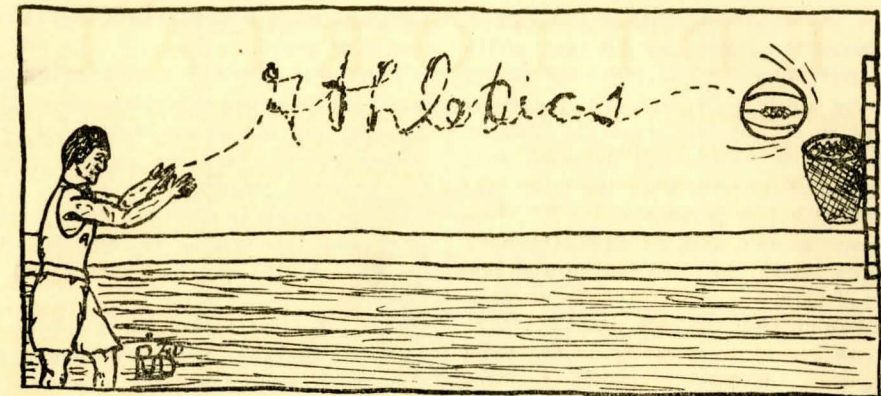
Due to the fact that there will be no regular school during examination week, there will no publication of "The Spirit" on Friday, Jan. 26.

"The Spirit" will make its first appearance next semester according to regular schedule on Friday, Feb. 2.

Automobilist (Faintly, after accident)—"Did I break the record?"

Doctor—"Yes; you have seventeen breaks and four fractures."

One more noble lad has been added to our Hall of fame. "Peely" Jameson makes basket in the Gilbert game. "What has come upon this cruel earth?"



BOONE HANDS AMES FIRST DEFEAT DUKE WILLIAMS MEN PUT GAME AWAY IN FINAL PERIOD.

Friday night, January 12, Ames went down to defeat at the hands of Boone on the Boone Court to the tune of 20 to 6.

Ames put up a brilliant fight during the first periods and although Boone drew first blood when Chapman dropped one thru the loop from near the center of the floor, Ames soon took the lead when Coe planted one in the basket and Martin followed with a free-throw. However Ames did not enjoy this scant lead long for Boone again found the basket from field, and Schraeder made three tosses good from the foul line.

Although Ames was trailing 7 to 3 in the rear at the end of half, the young Cyclones clearly excelled in floor work and had more good shots at the basket than did Boone.

After the intermission, the Red and Green inserted Barney Holst into his usual place at running guard, and from then on they had considerably the best of the argument.

Boone started the scoring in this period, when they sank three from field and ran their total to thirteen, before Ames advanced to four, when Coe scored over the free throw line.

Captain Morris of Ames was forced to leave the floor with four personals, and Barney Rew filled his shoes at guard.

Boone scoring continued and Lamb and Chapman ran their total up to twenty before the final gong.

The floor work of Martin of Ames was of

the highest type, and he continually had the Boone team guessing to stop his dribbling.

Coe of Ames was always dangerous to the Boone defence and led the scoring for Ames with one field goal and three free throws.

The line-up and summary follows:

Boone 20		Ames 6
Lamb	R. F.	Martin
Chapman	L. F.	Coe
Lamb	C.	I den
Holst	R. G.	Morris
Schraeder	L. G.	O. Roe

Substitutions, Ames—Rew for Morris.
Referee—Sherman.

LOCALS TROUNCE GILBERT FIVE. AMES QUINTET STAGES LATE RALLY TO WIN.

With the score knotted 9 to 9 at half time the Ames basketeters came back strong in the final period and handed Gilbert the small end of a 28 to 14 count.

At the start Iden got the jump on his rival, Morris dribbled thru the defense and sank the ball for the initial counter in the first thirty seconds of the contest. Gilbert then followed with a free throw and forged into the lead when Orning, Gilbert forward, found the basket.

The remainder of the half was a see-saw affair with Ames holding the lead most of the time.

The two teams looked about even this half; however, Ames managed to cage four field goals to two for Gilbert.

After the intermission Ames came back

fighting and soon ran their total up to 16 to Gilbert's 11. Ames now hit their stride and Martin, Iden and Coe found the basket repeatedly until near the end the score stood 26 to 11. At this stage, L. Allen relieved Iden at center and Jameson took Coe's place at forward, when the latter was removed with four personals.

Jameson made a good account of himself and sank Ames final marker in the last minute of play.

The line-up and summary follows:

Ames—28		Gilbert—14
Martin	R. F.	Askelson
Coe	L. F.	E. Orning
Iden	C.	T. Gilderseive
Morris (C)	R. G.	Marsden
O. Roe	L. G.	J. Gilderseive

Substitutions: Ames, Allen for Iden, Jameson for Coe, Gilbert, Peterson for T. Gilderseive; A. Askelson for Orning; T. Orning for Marsden. Referee, Sherman.

Field goals, Ames: Iden 3, Coe 3, Martin 3, Morris 2, Jameson.

Gilbert: Orning 2, Askelson. Free throws: Ames, Martin 4; Gilbert, Orning 7.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS BRIGHT SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

Although the football season is a thing of the past and it will be many months before the pigskin artists again resume practice, dopesters are already mapping out the 1923 season.

Most students take a pessimistic attitude but Coach Larson feels quite otherwise as do other close followers of the team.

It will be remembered that during the last season Ames had two very evenly matched teams, one composed chiefly of letter men and seniors and other composed mostly of new material, however so evenly matched were these teams that an observer of a scrimmage between the two could not pick the varsity.

From the latter and partly from the former Ames will pick her 1923 varsity. From the former five letter men, J. Carberry, Morris, L. Allen, Martin and Roe, remain and should form a nucleus for a powerful team. Carberry, Morris, Martin, and Roe will no doubt make strong bids for their old posi-

tions and Allen would perform well at either center or guard.

From the powerful second string many stand out as strong candidates for positions. Jameson ran the second team most of this season and will be a leading contender for the generals position next year. Frashe, who was unable to show his wares until the last game this season will also be after a backfield berth, as will Thurber and Gale Allen.

Line candidates will be plentiful with Daubert, Starkey, Aplin, Flickenger, Clarence Allen, and Corey back in school.

Only ineligibility kept Daubert off this year. Having played quarter back and end at Dubuque he will no doubt push some one for their position next year.

Corey made a good showing this year, when inserted in the game and will doubtless again be a candidate for tackle.

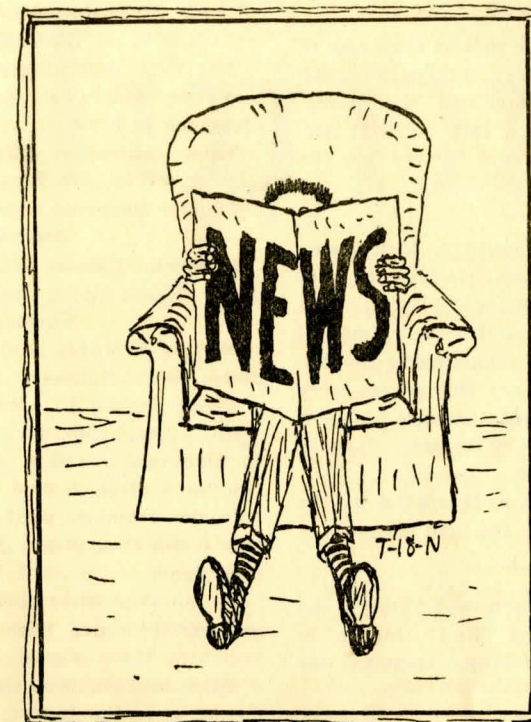
Larson has succeeded in arranging a very strong schedule, which if completed without defeat will place our eleven among the best in the State. Jefferson, Indianola, and Webster City again appear on the schedule in place of Iowa Falls, Fort Dodge and Grinnell.

The complete schedule arranged for next fall is:

Sept. 29—West Des Moines, there.
Oct. 6—Nevada, here.
Oct. 13—Marshalltown, there.
Oct. 20—Webster City, there.
Oct. 27—Indianola, here.
Nov. 3—Story City, there.
Nov. 10—Jefferson, here.
No. 17—Boone, there.

Her First Attempt

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air;
The milk and sugar also, and she took the greatest care
To count the eggies correctly and to add a little bit
Of baking powder, which, you know, beginners off' omit.
Then she stirred it all together and she baked it full an hour;
But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour.



Eben Howell went to Chicago Saturday evening in interest of the Spirit.

The Boone DeMolay boys are going to give a carnival dance Friday night and a large crowd from Ames is expected to attend.

Angeline Feroe and brother spent the week-end at Winterset.

Margaret Goodwin accompanied by Angeline Feroe on the piano, played for a Women's Club luncheon at the Sheldon-Munn Hotel Wednesday noon.

Lyle and Vincent Roupe drove to State Center Saturday on business.

Ruth Clay entertained Julia Baker, Ada Rayness, Opal Tripp, and Madelin Murray, at her home Saturday evening.

Mary McDowell attended the game at Boone Friday night.

Lois Grimm visited former school friends in Boone Sunday.

Jack Babcock drove his father to Des Moines Saturday.

Donald Kennedy spent the week-end at his parents home in Rinard.

Inez Keith visited in Des Moines over the week-end.

Robert Williams drove a truck load of High School students to Boone Friday night for the game. They were: John Carberry, Ivan Everden, Clarence Allen, Hiram Roe, Harold Haug, and Paul Haug.

Charles Kratoski spent Saturday in Tama with the Indians.

Gordon Hoffman spent Saturday evening in Nevada.

Dwight Kimble enjoyed a show in Boone Sunday night.

Frank Kulow, Leah Belle Briley, Miss Barnes, Geneva Kulow and Margaret Batman drove to Boone Friday night to the game.

Dwight Clark and Frank Adams enjoyed Sunday evening at Church.

Dorothy Hoffman who has been ill for a few days is now back in school.

Dorothy Dunlap was unable to attend school last Tuesday on account of illness.

Lucille Penfield went to Odgen to visit her aunt and uncle over the week-end.

SOCIETY

The Awinita Campfire met at the home of Beatrice Iler, Wednesday, January 10th. After a short business meeting, Miss Lang, the school nurse, gave a talk on First Aid. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess.

Saturday evening, January 13th Sarah Allen entertained three couples at her home. The evening was spent playing "Five Hundred," Somerset and Rumme. Some of the guests enjoyed dancing during the latter part of the evening. The guests were Joe Thurber, Faye Carter, Clarence Logsdon, Lina Michaels, Floyd Williams, Margery Long and Ralph Connor.

Dainty refreshments were served at the close of the evening by the hostess.

Caroline Clokey entertained "Dick" McCarthy, Anita Sill, and "Red" Dunlap, at her home Saturday evening. Dancing was the favorite pastime.

Several of the Camp Fire girls attended the tea given by Mrs. Beyers Saturday afternoon.

Miss Ruth Curtis gave an interesting discussion of her trip to Europe and Dr. Henneske together with a few girls illustrated ways to bandage wounds.

GIRL RESERVE CABINET MEETING

The Girl Reserve Cabinet met Monday evening in the Spirit office.

Plans were discussed for the Vocational Conference which is to be held the 16th and 17th of March.

Plans were also made for the Bible Study course which is to be offered next semester. It has been definitely decided to use the book entitled "Stalker's Life of Paul." As now planned the class will meet the third period each Monday, and will be taught by a different High School teacher each time.

The different officers were informed of the new budget and the meeting was then adjourned.

FIRST PRELIMINARY DECLAMATORY CONTEST

The first preliminary Declamatory Contest was held in the Auditorium Thursday afternoon at 3:30.

Those contesting were:

Oratorical

Chester Severson, Florence Barr.

Dramatic

Elizabeth Gernes, Faye Carter, Frances Jones, Helga Holm, Jeanette Keuhl.

Humorous

Miriam Edwards, Ruth Miller, Katheryn Judge, Beryl Spinney.

Those chosen to enter the final contest were: Beryl Spinney winning first place in humorous division with Kathryn Judge coming a close second.

In the dramatic section Elizabeth Gernes was given first place and Faye Carter second place.

In the Oratorical section, Chester Severson and Florence Barr tied and both will enter the final contest.

Miss Atwood, Miss Bragington and Mrs. Young were the judges.

SECOND PRELIMINARY DECLAMATORY CONTEST

The second preliminary declamatory contest was held in the high school auditorium Friday at 3:30. Those participating were.

Oratorical: William Morgan, Leslie Nordholm.

Dramatic: Jean Grant, Marian Hagen, Dorothy Allen, Margaret Cleghorn, Juanita Ives.

Humorous: Helen Cagwin, Edith Petty, Ruth Baker, Winifred Conner, Margaret Lewis.

Leslie Nordholm was given first in the Oratorical class. Marian Hagen won first place in the Dramatic class and Dorothy Allen was given second place. Edith Petty received first place in the humorous division and Helen Cagwin and Ruth Baker tied for second place. These people will enter the final contest. Miss Atwood, Miss Bragington and Mrs. Young served as judges.

What is the soldier's definition of a kiss? A report at headquarters.

Alumni

'17

Alice McCarthy is teaching Home Economics at Goldfield, Iowa.

Dorothy Proctor is teaching Home Economics at Monmouth, Ill.

Ruby Wasser and Donald Sopher are married and are living at Iowa City where Don is taking his last year of dentistry.

'19

Harriet Tilden is a senior in the Home Economics Dept. at I. S. C.

Gilberta Luke is also attending I. S. C. where she is a senior in the Industrial Science Dept.

Zoe Van Meter is married and is living at Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

Lydia Tilden is a senior this year at Iowa University.

Florence Goddard is traveling this year as a cello player for a concert company.

Bob Potter is working at the Story County Bank.

Chevalier Adams is working in his father's furniture store.

Russell Barker is teaching school, but we were unable to find where.

'20-'21

Carvel Caine is attending Leland Stanford.

Alvin Thornberg is enrolled at I. S. C. and is as interested in athletics as ever.

Hazel McKibben is taking Home Economics at I. S. C.

Emmet Carberry is attending I. S. C. and clerking at odd times in the Walsh Grocery.

Fern McCleary is a stenographer in one of the offices at the college.

Neva Spence is attending Des Moines University and is this year Editor of the "Highlander" their weekly publication.

Ted Kooser is working in the Drapery Dept. at the Tilden Store.

Arnold Livingstone is attending I. S. C. and taking Architectural Engineering.

Dorothy Craven is a Freshman this year at I. S. C.

Homer Tostlebe is enrolled in the Ceramics Dept. at I. S. C.

Elizabeth Scovel is taking Dramatic Art at Northwestern University.

Brice Gamble is attending I. S. C. and taking Industrial Science but next year expects to go to Iowa University and study law.

Barbara Stanton is attending Mills college at Oakland, California.

'22

The following members of '22 are attending I. S. C.: Burton Olson, Leonard Stenerson, Gladys Knight, Ruth McCoy, Mildred Schroeder, and Velma Maulsby.

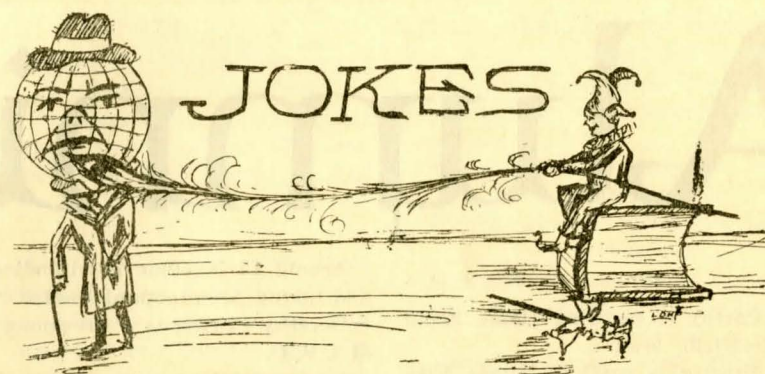
Loreen Ragsdale another member of the class of '22 was married at Christmas time to Richard Browning.

Agnes Moore is attending school at Indianapolis, Indiana.

A small boy, being asked by his teacher to write briefly concerning the manners and customs of the people of India chewed his pencil for five minutes, and then wrote: They ain't got no manners and, they don't wear no customs.

Pasted on the window of a book publisher's store was the sign: "Porter wanted," and in the window itself, on a pile of books, the placard: "Dickens' Works All This week for \$4.00."

The able-looking Irishman read first the sign and then the placard. He blurted out to the boss: "Dickens may take the job; Dickens can wur-rk all this week for four dollars if he wants to, but I'll not touch it. Ye'd better kape Dickens."



Joke Editor—"Do you know any jokes, for the Spirit?"

Student—"Yes, Red Dunlap came to school on time today."

Joke Editor—"That's not a joke, that's a startling bit for the histories."

Joke Editor—"Know any jokes?"

Anybody—"No!"

Joke Editor—"Know any jokes?"

Somebody—"No!"

Joke Editor—"Know any jokes?"

Everybody—"No!"

Joke Editor then goes to the exchanges and gets the jokes of other "wide awake" schools.

A funny old man told this to me
I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jelly fish float up in a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred my milk with a big brass key.

I opened my door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he
But 'tis true when told as it ought to be
'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.

—Witty Stories.

Little Willie Burns
Sat on a stove
Little Willie Burns.
Little Willie Burns
Didn't go to heaven
Little Willie Burns.

—Think and grin.

Pat—"Well, I was in three fights today."

Mike—"No! What happened."

Pat—"I got second place in two and I ran the third."

Mr. Shaw: Now what is your opinion on this subject?"

Wilber Oberg (desperately): The same as yours, sir.

Gwendolyn: "What caused Marcia to divorce her husband?"

Genevieve: "A blue serge coat and a blonde haired stenographer."

Miss Edwards—"I see you are reading the dictionary. Do you find it interesting?"

Dean Franche—"No, amusing, you see the dictionary and I spell words so differently."

—Wit and Humor of the Age.

A man who was not feeling well went to the doctors. The doctor asked him if he drank coffee. "Yes, replied the man." Three saucers full in the morning." "But why drink it from the saucer?" asked the doctor. "Well you see I get the spoon in me eye if I drink it from the cup," was the answer.

Not So Good

Perfectly well-meaning old lady: "Thank you so much for your song, my dear. It took me back to my childhood days on my father's farm, and when I shut my eyes and listened to your singing I seemed to hear the dear old gate creaking in the wind."

Recipe For Home Brew

Chase a bull dog 3 miles and gather up the hops and add the following:

Ten Gals. of tan bark, 1-2 pint Shellac,
1 Bar home made soap.

Boil 36 hours, then strain thru I. W. W. sock so it won't work.

Bottle and add 1 Grasshopper to each pint to give it the kick.

A man once ran across his friend who was an Irishman, walking backward rapidly. "What is your idea in doing that?" he asked. "Oh, Begorra," said Pat, "There is a big hole in the sate of me ponts and if I was to be walkin frontward the people behind me could see it."

Edith: Why don't you get rid of Teddy if you don't like him?

Gladys: Well, you know my dear, some men are like dice—easily rattled, but hard to shake.

"Help! Help!" cried an Italian laborer near the mud flats of the Harlem River.

"What's the matter there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Queeck! Bringa da chov'l. Bringa da pick! Giovanni's stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to hees knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No, no! He no canna walk! He's wrong end up!"

An eulogy I had to write
I worked two days and one whole night
But then went thru an awful rite
In class when called on to recite
For standing there, try as I might,
I simply couldn't start it right
The words stuck in my throat so tight
They choked and made my head feel light,
In fact I could not expedite
Tho tongue and lips I both did bite.
My thoughts soared upward like a kite.
I stammered; tried to stop their flight,
The class seemed to find much delight
In my most unfortunate plight.

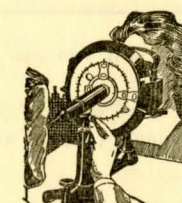
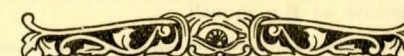
—Sheeter.

Chas. D.—"Oh you shut up."

Kurly K.—"Yes we shut up at six o'clock every night except Saturdays then we welcome all until ten o'clock."

"What experience have you had as a cook?" asked Mrs. Moore of the applicant for the position.

"Twenty places in three months, mum," replied Bridget proudly.



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on all purchases over \$1.00 the remainder of the month.

Clerk: Madame, can't I sell you one of our patent fly catchers?

Lady: Naw! I don't want none of yer fly-ketchers. We got enough flies at our place now, by jiminy!

What a queer bird the frog are,
When he sit he stand almost,
When he hop he fly almost,
He ain't got no sense, hardly,
He ain't got no tail hardly, either.
He sit on what he ain't got almost.

A lecturer had been describing some of the sights he had seen abroad. "There are some spectacles," he said, "that one never forgets."

"I wish you would tell me where I can get a pair," exclaimed an old lady in the audience. I am always forgetting mine."

LET'S GO

Buy all the Footwear

NOW that you can possibly use. The prices at which we are offering some of our shoes will hardly pay for the cost of the leather.

AMES BOOTERY

Grandma (solemnly): "After poor grandma dies, who will give you any pennies?"

Grandson (aged six): "Why, you won't take your pocket book to heaven, will you, grandma?"

She (Florence Perkins) smiled at me and I (Bud Coe) hurried after her, I said to her: "Oh there, aren't you the little girl that smiled at me?" With a sneer on her lips she said: "Why sure what else could I have laughed at."

A love-smitten youth who was studying the approved method of proposal asked one of his bachelor friends if he thought that a young man should propose to a girl on his knees.

"If he doesn't" replied his friend "The girl should get off."

The Sheldon-Munn Barber Shop

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"It's the little things in life that tell," said the girl as she pulled her small brother out from under the sofa.

"Mercy!" said the fish, as it swallowed the baited hook, "One can't be too careful about what one eats."

Pat: "I got a cold supper when I went home tonight, and you bet I kicked about it."

Mike: "Did that do any good?"

Pat: "Well, my wife made it warm for me."

Customer: "I must say, waitress, this is the first time I've ever had a really tender steak here."

Waitress (aghast): "Good gracious! I must have given you the proprietor's steak!"

Dumb: "What must a man do to have military honors?"

Dora: "He must be a captain."

Dumb: "Then I lose my bet."

Dora: "What did you bet?"

Dumb: "I bet he must be dead."

Orrie Roe—"How'd you get the cut in your neck Bert?"

Bert A.—"Must'a bit myself."

Orrie—"How could you bite yourself in the neck?"

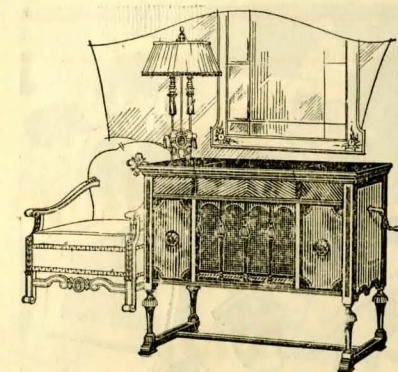
Bert—"Must'a looked in a mirror."

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A red nose, now is quite a shock,
For people vow you've got a stock.

Time is money, and money is time,
And don't you be fergittin' it.
Always get all the money you can;
But don't get time for getting it.

The teacher had asked the class to write
a sentence containing the word gruesome.
One little girl wrote: "I can not wear my last
summer's dress because I grew some.

Porter: "Train's gone, mister. Ye should
have run a little faster."

Passenger: Run faster! I ran fast enough,
but I should have started a bit sooner.

When was Adam married?
On his wedding Eve.

Old Lady: (sniffing) What's that odor I
smell?

Farmer: That's fertilizer.

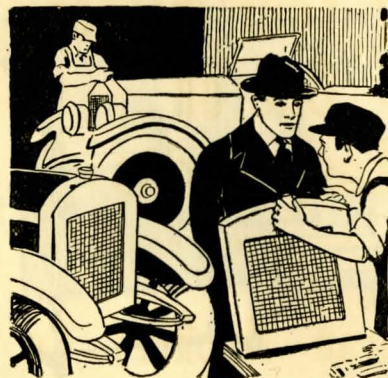
Old Lady: (Astonished) For the land's
sake!

Farmer: Yes, Ma'am.

I know a man who says he can't sit down,
and can't stand up.

Then if he tells the truth, he lies.

I met a girl out on the street,
With Rubber Boots on her feet,
These boots had fur around the top,
And at every step went flopty flop.



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Primarily it means that we have satisfied the vast majority of our customers. Again it is an impetus in our efforts to keep on rendering satisfactory radiator repairs because we want to keep our acquired reputation where it is now,—high above all competition.

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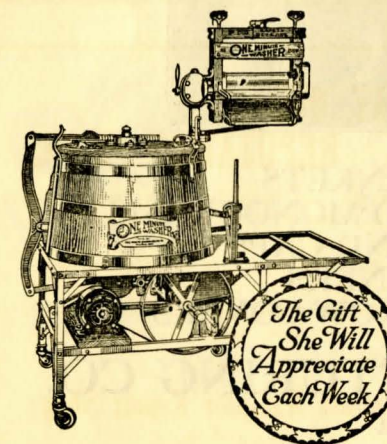
DECEPTION

Dear Friend:

The great love I have to express to you is false and I find my indifference toward you increases daily. The more I see of you the more you appear in my eyes as an object of contempt. I feel myself in every way disposed and determined to hate you. I can assure you, I never intended to love you. Our last conversation has left an impression on my mind which by no means impressed me of the extremely high standard of your character. Your temper would make me entirely too unhappy and if you and I were united I would expect nothing but hatred of my friends and to an everlasting displeasure of living with you. I have indeed a heart to bestow but I do not want you to imagine it at your service. I could not give it to anyone more inconsistent and capricious than yourself and be capable of doing justice to myself and family. I think that you are aware of the fact that I speak sincerely and hope you will do me the favor of avoiding me. You need not trouble yourself about answering this letter as your letters are always full of impertinence and have not a shadow of wit and good sense. Believe me, I am adverse to you and that it is impossible for me to be

Your affectionate Sweetheart.

P. S.—I suppose that you were curious enough to read all of the lines of my correspondence, but now begin at the beginning and READ EVERY OTHER LINE.



Buy Your Mother One on Easy Terms

Loughran Machine Co.

"Hallo, Bilkins! Who are you working for now?"

"Same people—a wife and five children."

Woman Customer: Where can I buy powder?

Floorwalker: Face, bug, gun or baking madam?

Bug: If I were to see you riding on a donkey, what fruit should I be reminded of?

House: Don't know.

Bug: A pear of course.

Election Candidate: "Now, my friends, when you vote you don't want to vote for a pig in a poke; you want to vote for me, and get the genuine article!"

Mrs. Oldlywed: "Did you know that I might have married Mr. Black?"

Mr. Oldlywed: "Er-no; but I have noticed he looks thankful every time he sees me."

Brown: "Why do you like the stuff that Smith Bootlegs?"

Jones: "It has the antidote printed right on the label."

Why is Joseph a very bad man?

Because he wishes to accustom the public to steel pens and tries to persuade them that they do write.

"Did you give the penny to the monkey, dear?"

"Yes, mother."

"And what did the monkey do with it?"

"He gave it to his father, who played the organ."

Doesn't it give you a terrible feeling when you run over a man?" they asked him.

"Yes, if he's a large man," replied the automobilist.

"It gives me a pretty rough jolt sometimes."



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A College of Liberal Arts For Men and Women

The Seventy-seventh Year Opens September 12, 1923

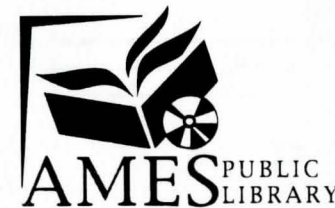
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